

THE POST.  
WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.  
At Lebanon, Ky., By  
W. W. JACK.

TERMS:—The Post will be furnished to subscribers at the following rates:  
One year, in advance, \$2 00  
If paid within six months, 2 50  
At the end of the year, 3 00

Port's Corner.



For the Post.

"And when I'm in the vale of poverty, then, if not till then,

Remember Mary."

Don't mention, can't ever be,  
That I should ever forget prove;  
And leave a friend in poverty,  
A stranger here on earth to rove!  
Sweet fortune smile on me at home,  
A happy life my portion be;  
And leave a friend in poverty,  
Forgotten, her misery?  
Shall I, when I'm in the vale of poverty,  
Shall I, when I'm in the vale of poverty,  
Those eyes which now with brightness glow?  
Should I, when I'm in the vale of poverty,  
Or you be left in poverty?  
To all the sorrows you may feel,  
You'll largely share my sympathy.  
When sickness shall thy life consume,  
And I no more thy face shall see;  
When death shall lay thee in the tomb,  
In memory still I'll follow thee.  
If called, and duty bid me go,  
Far, far from home and friends and thee;  
Will thou be true to friendship's vow—  
To look on this—and think of me.  
Should fortune smile on thee at home,  
(For our fortunes may vary);  
And I be left in poverty,  
Still will I remember Mary."

Communicated.

AN ESSAY

ON THE  
CONNECTION OF LITERATURE  
WITH MEDICINE.

BY W. F. FLECK.

The next Medico-Literary character whom we will introduce, is Dr. Mark Akenside. He is essentially different from those remarked upon above, and is principally distinguished by his celebrated poem, "The Pleasures of Imagination." This poem has been translated into both the French and Italian languages, and has given him a renown world-wide, and a name as imperishable as our race. He also is entitled, in its fullest sense, to originality, both in the selection of his subject and his manner of treating it. He turned his lyre to a theme hitherto unsung.—The beauties of the natural world; the star-bespangled sky, and the flower-decked valley; the cloud-capped mountain, and vine-clad hill; the deep blue sea, and the roaring torrent—had been perceived and described as only the eloquent tongue of the poet can describe; but it remained for Akenside to celebrate in poetry's sweet and touching lays, the pleasures of an abstract element of the human mind. The task was difficult, yet how well he accomplished it, posterity has decided, by assigning him a place among the most distinguished poets of the world.

It has been said that Akenside in the treatment of his subject, took the same views of it, as Addison had previously done, in the "Spectator," and is, therefore, an imitator. Now, in the first place, they do not treat the subject in the same way, (if I may be permitted the expression of an opinion,) for I examined carefully, the works of both, a few years since, with reference to this point. Though Akenside, in the first book takes the same views of the subject as Addison had previously expressed; yet in the remaining two books, he assumes a higher and more exalted position altogether.—Secondly—even granting that he did take the same views of it, the principle for which we are contending would not be affected thereby. It is an Architect to be deprived of the credit of planning and building an edifice, because he did not make, or rather prepare all the bricks, mortar and timber out of which it is constructed? If not, then Akenside cannot be deprived of the credit of possessing originality—that trait of mind which has ever been so characteristic of Genius, and which is so essential to success in the poetical world.

Akenside never received that patronage in the practice of his profession, which we would naturally expect for a man of his talents and acquisitions. However, this is very clearly explained by an examination into the organization of his mind. He was a gentleman—thoroughbred, dignified and reserved in his manners—refined in his feelings, and unsurpassed in his scholarly attainments. Anything coarse and uncouth offended, and he could not, from his very organization, admit society at large upon an equal footing with himself. He was made of stuff too stern, to adapt himself to the peculiarities of every character whom he should meet, and his honesty and integrity were such as to preclude the possibility of his "bending the pregnant hinges of the knee," even should "thrift follow hawking."

"Raise me above the vulgar's breath,  
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,  
And all in life that's mean;  
Still true to reason be my plan,  
Still let my actions speak the man,  
Through every various scene."

THE LEBANON POST.

THE PRESS—THE SHIELD OF THE UNION—THE DEFENDER OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

VOL. 1,

LEBANON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1852.

NO. 7.

This is the prayer of an honest man, and one who loathed in his inmost heart, (as we should all loathe) hypocrisy. Nor should we take any exceptions to this, for I honestly believe that society would be better, if all its members were constructed on this principle. But the community seems forgetful of that old Shakespearean maxim which is brim-full of truth:

"—meet it is, let it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

It seems as if society requires that one should always play the agreeable, and yields more cheerfully its patronage to the smiling, fawning sycophant, than to the firm and decided man who dares to think for himself. As Akenside was of this latter character, his practice never became large or lucrative.

This field, first cleared by Akenside, has been cultivated with considerable assiduity by other worshippers at the shrine of the goddesses of Song. The principal works of this character are, Rogers' Pleasures of Memory, Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, and Dr. McHenry's Pleasures of Friendship. The first is one of the smoothest and most finished—the second, one of the most spirited and brilliant poems in the language—the third was written by a physician, and an adopted citizen of our own country. It is not so metaphysical as Akenside's, so polished as Rogers', nor so dazzling as Campbell's; yet it reflects great credit upon him and shows him to be possessed of those kindlier feelings of the human heart which redeem fallen and depraved humanity. He has also written several novels of merit, and, like it all in all, I'm proud that he was physician; for by him there was another star of no small magnitude added to the somewhat extensive, and considerably luminous galaxy of Medical Literature.

Armstrong and Darwin have both left behind them Poems of merit, and should their medical writings, which are of a high order, fail to secure them a niche in the Temple of Science; their beautiful and sublime poetry will entitle them to a place high up among the most distinguished of the "sons of men."

Dr. Holmes of New England has written several poems, some of which I had the pleasure of reading some two years since. Yet not thinking at the time, that I should ever have my particular use for them, I neglected to pay that attention which is requisite to enable me, at this time to express an opinion as to their merits, and the character of mind of their author. Nevertheless, the impression made upon my mind at the time of perusal was one of pleasure rather than otherwise—"Further than this, deponent sayeth not."

I fear that I am protracting my remarks beyond their proper length, and will therefore, close this very cursory examination of our first enquiry, by making allusion to one other literary character. This comment I make, because I should deem any sketch on this subject, markedly imperfect, which should fail to make mention of one, the resplendent light of whose genius, reflects high honor on the profession, I mean Dr. Warren of London. He has cultivated the same department of literature which is honored by the names of Scott, Bulwer, Irving, and Cooper, and has gained, perhaps, a reputation as lasting as theirs.

He has in his sketches in the Life of a Physician, told some of the most touching, thrilling and interesting stories which are to be found in the language. But I suppose he most implicitly relies for lasting reputation as a novelist, upon his mammoth work "Ten Thousand a Year." This is, as I conceive the best novel in the English language, "Ivanhoe" not excepted. The diction is chaste and elegant, the style perspicuous; the characters numerous, but delineated by a master hand, well sustained and perfect. It displays great knowledge of human nature, and presents, in a clear and more comprehensive view, the diversified elements which enter into the formation of English society and gives us a far better idea of the condition of English people of all classes, than any book which I have ever met.

This arises, necessarily from the fact, that though the exact condition of the different classes in England or any other government, may be plainly set forth by the traveler or historian, yet they fail to make that impression upon the mind, (as all abstract facts do,) which they would otherwise make, if associated with some character, which character acts in all circumstances, as becomes a personage of his class or caste in society. In this particular, the novelist has the advantage of the historian, in delineating the manners, and representing the exact condition, forcibly and plainly, of the inhabitants of any country.

This work is also well worthy the attentive perusal of every Lawyer, from the knowledge it exhibits of that most cumbersome of all human institutions; English Law; and its interest to the Physician is considerably enhanced, from its having been written by a member of his profession. That Dr. Warren may live long in the enjoyment of the reputation he has justly earned, is the hearty wish of one who has derived instruction as well as pleasure from his most excellent writings.

I might mention numbers of others of the "shining lights" of the world, who

have belonged to our profession.—Locke, the author of the essay on Human Understanding; Garth; Arbuthnot, S. S. Dana; Prof. Agazzis, were all Physicians, and have contributed as much to the advancement of Science and Literature as any men in the world.

In the above I have mentioned those only who are, or have been, distinguished in either the practice or teaching of their noble science and art. These, taken with other eminent Medico-Literary men of Europe and America unmentioned for want of room, would, I dare say, form as brilliant a coterie of genius and talent as can be found in any of the other learned professions, and would most conclusively refute the assertion that Medicine and Literature are incompatible. Another argument tending to disprove this bare assertion might as I take it be derived from the fact that some of the most gigantic minds and towering geniuses that ever graced the world, were attached to and pursued the study of the science of Medicine. When such men as Socrates, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Berkeley have found meat food for their giant minds in the contemplation and study of medical science; we do not wonder that pigmies in intellect, should carp at, and censure it, for their feeble and microscopic minds are unable to understand and appreciate the truths of a science so vast and comprehensive as that of medicine, and as it is in accordance with the disposition of the genus homo, species stultus, to censure what they do not understand, we could of course expect nothing else than that their (scintillating) thunderbolts of invective and censure would be hurled at the science of physic, along with other things which they do not comprehend. The above mentioned assertion emanated from such a source and derives not the slightest substantiation from an appeal to actual and existing facts.

(To be continued.)

Select Tales.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

Self-Confess.

BY FANNY FERN.

"Well, Bridget, what do you think of the bride?"

"Oh, she's a pretty young thing, but if she had known as much as you and I do, of her husband's mother, she never would have come to live with her. She's a regular old hyena, and if she don't bring the tears in those blue eyes before the honeymoon is over, my name isn't Bridget. Why she's the most outrageous old thing, she overhauled all her wardrobe yesterday before she could get here, and as I passed through the entry, I heard her muttering to herself, 'silk stockings! humph! ruffled underclothes! wonder if she thinks I'll have them ironed here! embroidered night caps! silk dresses! destruction and ruin!'"

"I'll tell you what, Bridget, there never was a house built yet, that was big enough for two families to live in, and you'll find out this won't be, I reckon."

"What! tears, Emma! tears!" said the young husband, as he returned from his counting-room one day, about a month after marriage, and with a look of anxiety he drew her closer to his breast. "Tell me you do not so soon repent your choice?" The little rose month was held up temptingly for a kiss, and in those blue eyes he read the answer his heart was seeking.

"What then? is your pet canary sick? can't you dress your hair to suit you? or are you in despair because you can't decide in which of all your dresses you look the prettiest?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Harry," said Emma, laughing and crying together: "I feel nervous; that's all; I'm so glad you came home."

Harry felt sure that wasn't all, but he forebore to question her farther, for he felt very sure she would tell him in good time.

The truth was, Harry's mother had lectured her daughter-in-law all the morning, upon the degeneracy of the times; hoped she wouldn't think of putting on all the fine things her friends had been so foolish as to rig her out in; times were not now as they used to be! that it Harry gave her pocket money she had better give it to her to keep, and not be spending it for nonsense; that a young wife's place was in her husband's house, and she hoped she would leave off that babyish trick of running home every day to see her mother and sister.

Emma listened in silent amazement; she was a warm-hearted, affectionate girl, but she was very high spirited. The color came and went rapidly in her cheek, but she forced back the tears that were starting to her eyes, for she had too much pride to allow her to see them fall.

After old Mrs. Hall retired, she sat for a moment or two, recalling her words—"babyish!" To love my own dear home, where I was as a cricket from morning till night; where we all sang and read in mother's dear old room, and father and mother the happiest of us all—"babyish!"—"I won't be dictated to," said the young wife. "I am married, if I am only nineteen, and my own mistress!" and the rebellious tones would come in spite of her determination; but when she thought of Harry, dear Harry, whom she had learned to love so well, her first impulse was to tell him, but she had a great deal of good sense if she was young, and she said to herself, "no, that would not do; then he'll have to take sides with one or the other, and either way it will make trouble. It may wear his love from me; no, no! I'll try to get along without, but I wish I had known more about her before I came here to live."

And so she smiled and chatted gaily with Harry, and hoped he had set it down to the account of "nervousness." Still the hours passed slowly, when he was absent at his business, and she felt uneasy every time she heard a step on the stairs, lest the old lady should subject her to some new trial.

"I wonder what has come over Emma," said one of her sisters, "she has grown so grave and matronly; I half hinted Harry when he carried her off, and I quite hate him now, for she is so sedate and moping! I desire to keep my neck out of the matrimonial noose."

Shortly after this Emma's mother sent her some delicacy manufactured by herself, of which she knew her daughter to be particularly fond. Mrs. Hall brought it into her room and set it down on the table (as if she were testing the strength of the dish), and said, "I wonder if your mother is afraid you'll not have enough to eat here; one would think you were a child at a boarding-school."

Emma controlled herself by a strong effort and made her no reply, simply taking the gift from her hands, with a nod of acknowledgment. Every day brought her some such petty annoyance, and her father-in-law, who was old and childish, being quite as troublesome as his wife in these respects, it required all her love for Harry to carry her through.

She still adhered to her determination, however, to conceal her trouble from her husband, and though he noticed she was less vivacious, perhaps thought the mantle of matronly dignity so becoming to his young wife, that he felt no disposition to find fault with it. In the mean time old Mrs. Hall being confined to her room with a violent influenza, the reins of government were very unwillingly resigned into Emma's hands; the endless charges she received about the dusting and sweeping, and cooking, ending always with this soliloquy: (as the door closed upon Emma's retreating form) "I'm a goose to tell her anything about it, she's as ignorant as a hote-tot, it will all go in one ear and out at the other!" and the old lady groaned at the vision of the nose of the tea-kettle, pointing the wrong way, or the sauce-pan hung on the wrong nail, flitted through her mind. Emma exerted herself to the utmost to please her, but the gruel was always "not quite right," the pillows not arranged easily behind her back, or she expected to find "bedlam let loose," when she got down stairs, and various prognostications of the same character.

"Emma," said Harry, "how should you like living five miles out of the city. I have seen a place that just suits my fancy and I think of hiring it on trial."

Emma hesitated; she wished to ask, does your mother go with us? but she only said "I could not tell you dear Harry, how I should like the place till I saw it; but I should fear it would take you too much from me. It would seem so odd to have five miles distance between us for the whole day. Oh, I am very sure I should not like it, Harry," and the charges of the mother-in-law clouded her sunny face, and in spite of herself a tear dropped on her husband's hand.

"Well, dear Emma, now I'm very sure you will like it; (and his large dark eye had a look she could not understand, with all her skill and practice in reading them) and so I'm going to drive you out this very afternoon, and we'll see," said he, gaily kissing her forehead.

"Oh, what a little Paradise, Harry!—Look at that cluster of Prairie Roses!—What splendid old trees! See how the wind sweeps the drooping branches across the tall grass! and that little low window, latticed over with sweet briar, and that pretty terraced flower garden—oh Harry!"

"Well, let us go inside, Emma," and applying a key he held in his hand, the door yielded to his touch, and they stood side by side in a little rustic parlor, furnished simply, yet so tastefully! Table-stands and mantel, covered with vases, sending forth fragrance from the sweetest of wild-wood flowers; the long white muslin curtains looped away from a window whence could be seen wooded hill, and fertile valley, and silvery stream. Then they assended into the old chamber, that was quite as unexceptionable in its appointments. Emma looked about in bewildered wonder.

"But who lives here now, Harry?" "Nobody."

"Nobody? What a tease you are? To whom does this furniture belong; and who arranged everything with such exquisite taste? I have been expecting every minute to see the mistress of the mansion step out."

"Well, there she is," said Harry, leading her gaily up to the looking glass. "I only hope you admire her half as much as I do. Do you think I have been blind and deaf, because I have been dumb? Do you

think I've not seen my high-spirited little wife, struggling with trial, day by day—suffering—enduring—gaining the victory over her own spirit, silently and unconsciously? Do you think I could see all this, and not think she was the dearest little wife in the world?"

And tears and smiles struggled for mastery, as he pressed his lips to her forehead. "And now you will have no body to please but me, Emma; do you think the task will be difficult?"

The answer, though highly satisfactory to the husband, was not intended for you, dear reader; please excuse.—FANNY FERN.

The Doings of Avarice.

BY QUAD.

"Natural—perfectly. 'Birds of a feather flock together.'"

"What did you observe, sir?"

"Merely that you, sir, being an intimate friend of Mr. —, can justify acts of his which would, to less partial minds, appear in a very dubious light."

"Say what you please, sir, Mr. — is an estimable citizen, and enjoys in a high degree, the respect and consideration of the community in which he lives."

"I know of nothing to the contrary; and shall say nothing against him, save that he is the pink of parsimony, as the villagers have it, he is as tight as a mackerel barrel."

"Sir, as the friend of Mr. —, I take it upon me to defend his name from the foul aspersions of calumny. I pronounce your assertions a libel."

"I might, perhaps, mention an incident which would cause you to change your opinion, and to shower epithets and imprecations upon the head of him you so warmly defend."

"Impossible! But I will hear what slander has to say, that I may vindicate the fair fame of my friend. Proceed."

"As you request it, I will. Having been delayed by business one night to a late hour—say eleven or twelve o'clock—I was returning home, and on my route passed neighbor S.'s door. I had not gone far, when suddenly there broke forth the most piercing and agonizing screams I had ever heard. The sounds struck me terror, and for a moment I was paralyzed. The shrieks continued, and became, if possible, terrifying. Such sounds had never before disturbed the quiet of our little neighborhood. What foul work could the man be doing? Upon what helpless being was he, at the dead of night, inflicting his vengeance? Was it the death cry of some wayward traveler who had been decoyed into his habitation in the hope of shelter, or the scream wrung in agony from some unfortunate neighbor, who had crossed and baffled him in some manner in his career of gain? True the man has never had the reputation of a murderer; never did the slightest suspicion of blood rest on him. Avarice was all that had been laid to his charge. But what will that same avarice cause frail humanity to do for gold? It never pleased me to look into those small, grey, restless eyes of his. And—"

"You alarm me. Did you ever ascertain the cause?"

"Patience! And was the life blood of a fellow-man flowing so near, and I an idle listener? The very thought inspired me with courage. I rushed to the house and hurled myself against the barred and bolted door.—It gave way with a crash, and entering, I found myself in the presence of your friend. There he stood—scarcely regarding my sudden entry, so intent was he on the accomplishment of his fell purpose. In one hand he clutched a heavy-bladed carving knife while with the long and bony fingers of the other he held with a miser's grasp, his victim, whence came such despairing, such terrible and heart-rending screams—"

"The old villain!"

"A flickering taper cast its sickly rays upon his pale features; and those small grey eyes sparkled with fiendish glee, as, regardless of my presence, he proceeded with his work?"

"But you could render no assistance?"

"None, whatever."

"And did the old fiend accomplish the foul work?"

"Fully. It was not his first essay at the business; he was an adept."

"Mercy! And he is still at large! Are there no means to get rid of such a neighbor? We are not safe. Are there no laws to protect the innocent, no chains for the guilty. But who, pray tell me, was the victim?"

"Are you prepared for the worst?"

"Entirely."

"I fear not."

"Be assured, my dear sir, I am."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Aye, till the end of time, if need be."

"Still, there is so much deceit and treachery in the world, you must pardon me if I doubt."

"I pledge my word."

"Well, sir, the victim was—I yet fear to expose your friend."

"My friend! rather say the knave; the hypocrite; aye, if it must out—the murderer."

"Be calm, I entreat you. Excitement avails nothing. True, misplaced affection and friend-ship are utterly bestial."

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may well make the heart sick. But we should seek to forget the sad cause of our mind's unrest."

"Yet I would fain know all. The law would require of you your knowledge of the affair."

"Indeed!"

"Then do not, I pray you, keep me longer in suspense."

"I have involuntarily disclosed too much. But I will yield to your impatience. Once more—are you prepared for the worst?"

"Yes, Yes!"

"Then, sir, the victim was a FLINT, the old chap was endeavoring to skin it—hence its outcries. Good-evening, sir."

"Go to home!"

"Hail ha!"

As good as Speaking.

There is every reason to suppose that innumerable sounds, answering the purpose of speech, are exchanged throughout the animal creation, which man does not in the least understand, or which he does not hear. In Mr. Bule's aviary there were three Mandarin ducks, two of which were drakes. The duck was the wife of the elder Mandarin, and this being perfectly understood by the other drake, the three lived together in the utmost harmony. But those mandarins are very valuable. (as much as £50 were paid not long since for the pair in the Zoological gardens,) and a bird who had been studying ornithology, broke into the aviary one night and stole the elder Mandarin. The very next day, the bereaved widow found herself exposed to the polite attentions of the other drake. She was, however, inconsolable for the loss of her husband, and resisted the blandishments and overtures of the indefatigable suitor. But it so happened that the ornithological thief was traced, and the elder Mandarin recovered, and restored to the expanded wings of his faithful wife. The first transport being over, the elder Mandarin instantly turned upon the other drake, snote him with his bill and pinion, buffeted him about the head till the sight was destroyed, and inflicted so many other wounds upon him, that he died shortly afterwards. Of course she must have told him.—Dickens' Household.

The reader may have heard a good deal from the poets concerning "The Language of Flowers;" but here is quite a new dialect of that description in the shape of mottos for different and vegetables in different months:

Myrtle for the Lilac in April—"Give me leave."

For the Rose in June—"Well, I'm blowed."

For the Asparagus in July—"Cut and come again."

For the Marrowfat Pea in August—"Shell out."

For the Apple in September—"Go it my Pippins."

For the Cabbage in December—"My heart is sound; my heart is my own."

An honest man in Maine, dying intestate, left two infant sons to the care of a brother, who wished to know of him if he would act as his executor. The latter replied to a man of moderate abilities for a vice, who advised him to consult a lawyer. He did so, and the following conversation took place:

"Pray, sir, are you the civil villain?"

"Do you intend to insult me, sir?"

"It is not for that purpose I came here. My brother died testate, and I wish to know if I can be his executor."

A Model Lady puts her children out to nurse, and sends her lap dog; lies in bed till noon; wears paper-soled shoes, and pinches her waist; gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his friends; never saw a thimble, don't know a darning needle from a crowbar, wonders where puddings grow, eats ham and eggs in private, and dines off a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the new fashion; doats on Byron; adores every new fad who grins behind a mousetrue, and when asked the age of her youngest child, replies, "Don't know, indeed, ask Betty."

Errata.—The National Intelligencer has a correspondent who proposes a series of numbers on this subject:

1. Before you bow to a lady in the street permit her to decide whether you may do so or not, by at least a look of recognition.

2. "Excuse my glove" is an unnecessary apology; for the glove should not be withdrawn to shake hands.

3. When your companion bows to a lady you should do so also. [When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company always bow to him in return.]

"Banjo" told "Bones" how he won the "herbage" on eating Oysters. "Jim," said "Banjo," "eat ninety-nine, and I eat a hundred and one, and now brother Bones, I ax ye how many more did I eat than Jim?" "Bones" gravely counts his fingers—"ninety-nine and one is a hundred, and one more is a hundred and one—two more of course."

"No nigger," says Banjo, "you're wrong—you don't know the rudiments of counting—I only eat one more. I eat one hundred and one—two more of course."



# THE POST,



LEBANON, KY.,

Wednesday Morning, June 16, 1852.

We would like to see all the young men in this place, who are interested in getting up a Lib on the 4th of July; at our Reading room, to-night, (Wednesday) the 16th. The object will be to devise ways and means for the proper carrying forward of the project. Come gentlemen do not be backward in the great cause of Liberty, Union, &c. etc.

## A Rally Cry—To the Rescue.

By the last mail we received the names of thirty-nine of our old Washington Co. subscribers who refuse to take the Post. Now, we do not harbor any unkind feelings towards them for doing so, for it is a privilege they enjoy, still, we confess that some of the names astonished us not a little, as we have always looked upon them as fast friends. (As friends we shall always deem them) who were willing to make a small sacrifice to benefit us. We also see the names of some on the refused list, who authorized us to send them our paper; verbally it is true, but which, nevertheless, should be as binding as if it were written. We are inclined to think that there is some mistake about these latter, however, crossed their names be.

Some persons might think that we would feel discouraged under these circumstances; but we are not, for we know that our friends, both in Marion and Washington, will make up this loss doubly and trebly, before a month. Let every friend to us and our paper, both ladies and gentlemen, (for we can do nothing without the assistance of the ladies,) exert themselves and the Post will be permanently located in Marion, together with your humble servant.

Remember, that we will send it to clubs of ten for \$15 cash. Now, to the rescue.

## Clubbing.

We are anxious that the Post should be read in every family in the counties of Marion, Washington, Taylor, and Green; and therefore we have concluded to put it to clubs of ten or over at \$15 in advance. We have come to this conclusion, from the above-named reasons; for we must and will have as large a circulation as any country paper in the State, for we just have every sufficient to believe that we deserve it. Give us a good list, and we will enlarge before the year is out. We are made of the high-pressure, go-ahead material, and no mistake. Come on with your Clubs, (we don't mean hickory ones,) of 10 subscribers for \$15 00, and no postage to pay within the county. Who will say that Louisville papers or any other papers are cheaper than your own paper at \$1 50 a year and no postage. Come on come all. Bring in your clubs, and give us a list that neither you nor we may be ashamed of.

There was an old gentleman in our office one day last week, who informed us that he was in the first printing office established in Kentucky, shortly after it commenced. He says that he has not been inside of one since. Things must have changed considerably since then. This venture being who pitched his tent in the wild, wild woods where naught was to be heard—except, and who whistled his "lones" and "ruies," out of ash splinters, next have had a lonely time of it. Our informant tells us, that the country was very sparsely settled around Lexington, (the place where this pioneer editor squatted) and he toiled for six or eight years, barely managing to keep soul and body together. Well, we could say "poor fellow!" if it wasn't that there are so many of us in precisely the same fix at the present time.

Bathing.—Nothing is more conducive to the preservation of health, than regular bathing. And we go even farther, we believe that bathing is a very powerful curative agent in certain diseases.

Dr. Fennel informs, us that he has fixed up his Bathing Room ready for the accommodation of the public. This really is an accommodation, for the difficulties of getting a good bath in this place makes it out of the reach of almost all, particularly the ladies. You can here get a shower or steep bath as it suits you. Here are towels, soap and an attendant at the command of the bather. This is one of the very rare things; healthy luxuries and health, therefore, be indulged in.

## To Correspondents.

Cannot "M. J. B." of Washington Co. favor us with an effusion now and then?

"We hope 'Spectator' has not 'hung up his bridle' for guilty monuments," nor nothing. Can't you "cut and come again?"

"J. E. B." will please p. p. the next time he writes on his own business.—That is manners.

"N. D. W." of Harrodsburg, is informed that the Post is sent to him by a friend. We never write in subscribers in that way. We can get plenty of subscribers without forcing people to take our paper.

Found.—In Lebanon, a pair of gloves; which the owner can have, by calling on us and describing the same.

We would again call upon all those who have any subscribers for us, to bring their names in, as soon as possible.

Messrs. SPALDING & Co., have got a superior lot of Dry Goods on hand, but what we wish to call particular attention to, is their Dress Goods for Summer. We would call the attention of the Ladies to this fact, hoping they may profit by the hint. If they are not delighted with these goods, then they are hard to please, that's all.

See the advertisement of J. R. Knott, in another column. The goods he speaks of are elegant; call and see them.

Quick Work.—The Circuit Court of this County closed on Thursday, morning early. This is certainly the "quickest time" we have ever heard of being made, in judicial history. It commenced on Monday, and ended on Wednesday evening, just three days. Certainly our excellent Judge has whittled the old docket down to a very thin shaving, if he can handle it thus easily.

THE ELEPHANT ARE COMING.—It will be seen from an advertisement in another column, that the regular genuine animal, which so many have taken long journeys in order to have the felicity of seeing, will be in this place, on next Wednesday, accompanied with the ring-tailed monkey, the ribbed-nose baboon, the zebra, with ninety-nine stripes scattered promiscuously all over his body, and many two alike, the animal what sells the lemonade at "three drinks for a flip," and many others too tedious to mention; see small bills, admissions 50 cents, children half price, front seats reserved for the ladies, no smoking allowed, niggers behind the door, and dogs under the benches, if you want to know any more pay your money and go and see the show and you will find out all about the animals and see the Circus too, and no mistake. From here the show will proceed to Springfield, on the following day after the exhibition here.

There is a Physician in Bardonia who has invented a plaster so powerful that it can draw a member of the Lazy, or Never-Sweat Club out of his chair, this hot weather. They are in great demand by those who visit the Post Office.

The Post on every publication day, passes current as a legal tender, at five cents per copy. Come up to the bank and draw.

A Doctor who has a large family to support, must have patients, or he can't get along. So says an exchange.

That young man who went a fishing and used worms as long as his finger, measuring from his diamond ring; and caught a fish as large as his gold guard chain, with eyes as large as his gold watch, and had specks on it just like his breast-pin, and a mouth which he could just get the end of his gold-headed cane in it arrived in town the other day, on a wheel-harrow driven by himself!

There is a young man in this town who offered to swap tooth-picks with us; but we wouldn't do it.

Any one who has Horses, Mules, Sheep, or Cattle to sell, can do so very expeditiously by advertise the fact in the Post.

Boys, bring us good clean Linen and Cotton Rags, well tied up; and you then can have money to go to the show with.

An exchange says that it is very easy to be considered very witty at the present day, and make your hearers go into fits. It is only necessary to transpose the first letter of different words, that is make them change places. Thus, Star Banged Spinner, Bin Glovers, Bahoon Soiled, &c. Any fool can do it, try it.

SCAR CROP FAILURE.—The steamer Merlin which arrived at New York on the 7th inst., brings St. Thomas papers, which say the sugar crop in that island has failed, and the island will be in a worst condition.

TRAGIC AFFAIR.—At Helena, Arkansas, a few days since, a man committed violence on a married lady, for which he had been arrested. As the officers were taking him to a magistrate for a commitment, the husband of the outraged woman shot the offender dead in the street—two bullets passing through his brain.—The facts are stated upon reliable authority.

BLOODY AFFRAY.—A man by the name of Benjamin Johnson shot another by the name of C. B. Hedges, on Tuesday last in Taylorsport, Ky. The wounds are supposed to be mortal. Johnson is under arrest.

The Misses Fox, the "Spiritual Rappers," are in St. Louis.

If you wish to keep out of difficulties, attend to your own business.

For the Lebanon Post.

Mr. Editor.—I noticed in your last that some of the boys have been quizzing round to find out what young chap that was who rode out with a young lady the other day and made her pay half the toll. You done exactly right to say nothing about it, 'cause it wasn't none of their business how; and he wasn't half as mean as the fellow who promised to pay his toll as he came back, and did not come back at all, or went round some other way.

SQUIBB.

A NEW SPECIES OF MADNESS.—A Liverpool paper states that a man in Bakenhead, on an announcement being made to him that he was the father of a child went mad. The account says:

The man who, is a joiner, upon being informed of the fact, on his return from work, danced and jumped about the room in a very excited state. Soon afterwards he became frantic and hurriedly left the premises. Nothing was heard of the man for two days, although diligent search was made for him; but on the evening of the third day he made his appearance at the house and had scarcely entered when the cries of his new-born child were heard, which produced on him the greatest excitement. Without speaking to any one, he sallied forth into the yard, where he stripped himself of all apparel except his shirt and trousers. He then rushed out of the house and fled. He was found a week afterward in a battered condition, but was in a fair way to recover his senses.

There are two sides to the latest intelligence from Paris. One exhibits that city as perfectly contented with the apparent calm that prevails, and shows the tranquil air of the myriads of spectators at the late festival, and the endless feasting and dancing which prevails. The reverse is worth notice. On it may be seen the published letters of the military chiefs who decline taking the oath of allegiance to the President, amongst whom are Generals Lamoriciere, Leffo, and Bedan—the address of the Comte de Chambord to the Legationists, urging them to hold aloof from the Elysee—the secession of such influential men as Odilon Barrot and the Due de Broglie from the provincial magistrature, in preference to taking the obnoxious oath—the fall of the funds—the withdrawal by the Emperor of Russia of a large amount invested with some parade in French Rentes—the military review of 40,000 men held on the 10th of May at Vienna, before himself and the young Emperor of Austria—the wretched attempts of Graciet de Cassagnac, the hack journalist of Louis Napoleon, to fasten upon General Changarnier a plot for "throwing the Constituent Assembly out of the window"—and in short a variety of minor circumstances that attend to throw doubts on the stability of the existing dynasty. Nothing may come of all this; but Frenchmen who how before the rising sun may perhaps have reason to feel some anxiety.

Albion.

OUTRAGE AND RETRIBUTION.—The St. Louis Republican tells of a villainous attempt to perpetrate an outrage on the persons of two defenseless females, near that city. A married lady and a young girl, residents of Illinois-town, were out in a field, picking strawberries, when they were overtaken by two men—Davis and Dixon—of St. Louis, from whose attempted violence the females escaped by running into a swamp. They were pursued by the soundless and nearly overtaken, when some neighbors passed by, at which they became frightened and fled. Relieved from their perilous situation, the women hastened home, when a number of the citizens of Illinois-town, being made aware of the circumstances, started in pursuit of the cowardly rascals, headed by the husband of one of the ladies, and overtook them, thrashed Davis soundly, and subjected Dixon to a severe cowhiding, a coat of tar and feathers, and a thorough ducking in several of the stagnant ponds which abound in that vicinity.

FATAL DIFFICULTY.—A difficulty occurred in Gallatin on Monday evening which resulted in the death of a young man named Hines. Hines and another young man named Prince were playing marbles, when a dispute arose, and the he was passed. At this both parties advanced to attack. Prince was stopped by a bystander, and Hines received a blow from a stick in the hands of Nat. Royster on the back of the neck, which felled him to the ground.—Prince being released, seized a pick-axe at hand and struck the falling man on the top of the head. He died on Tuesday morning.

Royster and Prince, who are cousins, took flight, and are still at large.

## TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.

## ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICA.

New York, June 10.

The steamer America, from Liverpool, has arrived. The Baltic arrived at Liverpool at 8 o'clock, A. M. Wednesday.—The overland India mail brings accounts of the success of the British forces, against Rangoon, which has been captured, with 150 cannons. Commercial advices from continental Europe, are favorable. Trade in Paris is active.

LIVERPOOL.—Cotton active. Sales week 105,000 bales. American qualities, below middling, sales at last week's prices. Better qualities 1-8-1 16. Brown & Shipley's circular quotes actively in the manufacturing districts.

The Madrid papers deny that it is the intention of the Government to curtail the constitution. The Spanish Government has appointed commissioners to revise the tariff upon free trade principles. Mr. Montebaur denies that Napoleon is exerting his influence at Madrid in hostility to Spain. The denial refers to Lord Palmerston's recent statement, that foreign powers were intriguing in Spanish officers. A bill is before the legisla to extend the tobacco monopoly to January 1, 1863.

The confidential envoy of Napoleon, had an interview with the Czar, and other northern monarchs. The precise object of the mission is unknown.

ITALY.—The Marquis De Cello has succeeded in re-constructing the cabinet on liberal basis. The Tuscan Government offers a reward of one thousand francs, for the perpetrators of the late outrages on an Englishman. The southern Journals of Germany contain lamentable accounts of famine in many districts of Over and Franklin. The sufferers are most numerous. Other branches of employment are completely idle. Provisions are enormously high.

Business in Parliament was unimportant. Lord Stanley officially disclaimed, on the part of Britain, any claim to the Guano Islands. The Admiral, however, sent a ship to protect the British interests. Two ships had arrived from Australia, bringing 41,000 ounces of gold. It is expected that Parliament will be prorogued about 20th June. The bullion in the Bank of England exceed £10,000,000. Rothschild offers himself as a representative for Parliament. The telegraph is open between Galway and Dublin. It is rumored that the potato rot has disappeared in Ireland.

The Czar was to leave Berlin, May 26th. The Liepzig Gazette states that the Czar had withdrawn his investment of 30,000,000 francs, from the recent loan of three and a half millions in the Holland and Belgium loan. The new Dutch ministry still maintain an uneasy feeling, that Napoleon has not abandoned his scheme of annexing Belgium.

The British lost 150 men in the capture of Rongoon.

The stock of Cotton at Liverpool is 548,000 bales, of which 400,000 are American.

Brown & Shipley quote moderate demand for Wheat and Flour at last week's prices.

## ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP ILLINOIS.

New York, June 12, M.

The steamship Illinois arrived from Aspinwall with dates of June 4th, San Francisco May 1st, and Panama June 1st.—She brings nearly two million gold.

The Illinois made the run home in 7 days 5 hours—the quickest ever made. Panama is full of homeward-bound passengers.

There is but little news from California. The account of the massacre of 150 Indians is fully confirmed. Another Indian expedition was on foot at San Francisco for the purpose of punishing the Indians. A contract has been made by the city of San Francisco with Noury & Co., to light the city with gas.

The Chinese question is occupying much space in the columns of the papers and the excitement is on the increase.

Some papers are discussing the feasibility of cultivating the tea plant. Large sales of pork at \$30—an advance of \$5. Mess beef sold at \$35 per bbl.

A MAN SHOT AT LEESLICK.—We learn that a man by the name of Mark Levi, a son of the late Hugh Levi, was shot, in the abdomen, on Saturday afternoon, June 5th, by a man by the name of William Hamilton, (said to be the same one who once worked with Thomas McCarney in Cincinnati.) It was thought on Sunday evening, that there was no chance for the recovery of Levi.

We understand that the shot was fired with a pistol; and that Hamilton, after he had committed the act, attempted to take what was supposed to be strichnine, but was prevented.

The examination will take place on Monday morning at Leeslick.

We understood that Messrs. Wall, W. Trimble, and Forrester, were engaged as counsel, to attend the examination.

We have heard various rumors as to the cause of and manner in which the shot was fired. But we deem it best to give no particulars until after a legal examination is had and the facts are arrived at.

Cynthiana News, 8th.

GEN. PIERCE'S BATTLES.—The Washington Republic learns from Gen. Scott's official reports during the Mexican war that Gen. Franklin Pierce was in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, near Chapultepec, and Balaclava.

## The Homestead Bill.

The following are the provisions of the Homestead Bill as passed the U. S. House of Representatives:

§ 1. Provides that any person who is the head of a family and a citizen of the United States, or any person who is the head of a family and had become a citizen prior to the first of January, 1852, as required by the naturalization laws of the United States, shall, from and after the passage of this act, be entitled to enter, free from cost, one quarter section of vacant or unappropriated public lands, or a quantity equal thereto, be located in a body, in conformity with the legal subdivisions of the public lands, and after the same shall have been surveyed.

§ 2. The person applying for the benefit of the act, to make an affidavit that he, or she is the head of a family, and is not the owner of any estate land at the time of such application, and has not disposed of any estate in land to obtain the benefit of the act.

§ 3. Refers to the duties of the land register.

§ 4. All lands acquired under the provisions of this act shall in no event become liable to the satisfaction of any debt or debts contracted prior to the issuing the patent therefor.

§ 5. If any time after filing the affidavit required, and before the expiration of five years, it shall be proven that the person locating on such land shall have changed his or her residence, or abandoned the said entry for more than six months at any one time then the land is so reverts back to the government, and be disposed of as other public lands are by law.

§ 6. Any individual, now a resident of any State or Territory, and not a citizen of the United States, but at the time of making application for the benefit of the act shall have filed a declaration of intention so to do, as required by the naturalization laws of the United States, and shall become a citizen of the same before the issuing of the patent, as made and provided for in this act, such person shall be placed on equal footing with the native born citizen.

§ 7. No individual is permitted to make more than one entry under this act.

SUPPOSED REVOLT OF THE FRENCH EXILES.—The Bon Parisien newspaper, of the 6th ult., contains a report of a terrible sea fight, which lasted six hours, between three vessels, supposed to have been French transport ships. It was thought that the exiles on board one of them had revolted.

CHOLERA AT DUBUQUE.—Mr. Vandever came over from Dubuque yesterday morning. We are sorry to say, that he fully confirms the worst reports which reached us on Sunday of the existence of the cholera in that city. He informs us, that there were twenty-two deaths on Sunday—twenty of cholera, and two by poison.

Galena Advertiser, 8th.

## COMMUNICATED.

## Died.

In Nelson County, Ky., on the 11th instant, ELIZABETH ALICE, infant daughter of W. J. and Emma A. Merimer, aged 1 month and 17 days.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Grieve not fond parents after thy little one, for it has been transformed from a poor mortal of this cold earth to a brightened angel in heaven. Be consoled, though you have lost, she has gained.

The dew-drop, which at dawn of day, Was glistening on the rose; Was by the sun-beams chased away, Before the day had closed.

Just so that little tender one, This morning on its mother's breast: Has sunk before the set of sun, Into eternal rest.

This life which soon with all will end, Is fled with easiest best; But to the Christian death's a friend, That brings eternal rest.

Lebanon, Ky., June 14th, 1852. F. B. M.

## Commercial.

## LOUISVILLE MARKET.

OFFICE OF THE COUNNER

Saturday Evening June 12, 1852.

CHEESE—Small sales of good Western cheese at 64c.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—Flour dull, with sales of 150 bbls Indiana, at the wharf, at \$9 27, without inspection. Small sales from stores at \$3 65@3 75, as to quality. Sales of extra brands at \$3 60 @3 75. Corn continues firm, with a sale of 100 bushels of shelled at 40c., including bags.

GROCERIES.—The market is firm, though dull, with limited sales of Rio Coffee at 10@10 1/2c. Sales of 10 lbs. common sugar at 5 1/2c; 12 lbs fair at 5 1/2c, and 15 lbs. good to choice, at 2 1/2c@2 3/4c. A sale of plantation molasses at 33c, and light sales of rice at 5 1/2c.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork quiet at \$17 50@18 lb.—Bacon, from wagons, coming in rather slowly, with sales of 9,500 pounds at 8 1/2c hog-round—shoulders, hams and clear sides. Sales of light lots, from stores, at 7 1/2@7 3/4c for shoulders, 9c for plain bagged hams, and 10c for clear sides.

TOBACCO.—The market is well sustained, and price are full, with sales at prices ranging from \$2 95 to \$5 60.

WHISKEY.—Sales of 600 bbls of raw, at the wharf, at 10 1/2c. Sales of rectified 15 1/2@16c.

CATTLE, SHEEP, AND HOGS—Light receipt of Beeves, with sales at 5 1/2c as to quality. Various sales of Stock Hogs to the market at 4 1/2@4 3/4c. We hear of sales of sheared Sheep at \$2 50, and sales with the wool on at \$2 50@2 25 as to quality.

## New Advertisements.

### 117 Acres of Land FOR SALE.

WILL sell on Saturday the 3d day of July, to the highest bidder, on the premises of MORGAN DAVIS, deceased, 117 acres of land by a decree of the Marion Circuit Court made at the June term, 1852, particulars made known on the day of sale. W. S. KNOTT, M. Com. June 13th, 1852.

### 123 Acres of Land FOR SALE.

WILL sell on Friday the 2nd day of July, to the highest bidder, on the premises of WILFRED BLAIR, deceased, 123 acres of land, by a decree of the Marion Circuit Court, made at the June Term 1852, Particulars made known on day of sale. WM. S. KNOTT, M. Com. June 13th, 1852.

### Fancy Dry Goods.

I HAVE on hand, a few pieces of Fancy Silks and Delaines, which I offer very low in regard to close out. Call and examine them. Ladies. J. R. KNOTT. June 16th 1852, d.



## A. Turner & Co's.

EXTENSIVE MENAGERIE & CIRCUS COMBINED.

CONTAINING the largest and most splendid collection of Animals in the known world, many of which were trained and exhibited by Van Amburg through the principal cities of Europe.

The Equestrian Troupe Is without its superior in the world—among which is that celebrated Six-Horse Rider, N. B. Turner.

Also; T. V. Turner, Ward, de Lacy, Lipman Gardner, Masters, Thomas, Edwin, &c., &c., and that Circus of all Clowns, J. W. MYERS, who during act of Turning a Somersault over 16 Men, over 10 Horses, and the Elephant.

Abdallah, The largest in the United States, astonishing every person who has seen this almost incredible performance. Will exhibit at Lebanon on Wednesday, the 23d of June, 1852. Two performances.

Doors open at 1 1/2 and 7—Performance commence at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission 50 cents, Children and servants 25 cents.

This Company will make no pretensions to an undue display, to deceive and humbug people. They prefer satisfying the public with their inside performances.

## DENTISTRY.

DR. H. MONRO.

WISHES to inform the citizens of Lebanon, that he intends remaining in the town for some time, and is prepared to perform any operations connected with his profession in good style. He may be found at Mr. Kirk's Hotel.

## Special Notice.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the estate of Joseph H. Nash, deceased, are directed to present and prove them before Mr. J. C. Oell on Thursday the 17th day of June, 1852, as the whole estate will be settled and closed up on that day, and the claims be paid off. THOS. H. CHANDLER, Admr. June 9, 1852.

## \$20 REWARD.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber, on or about the 7th instant, a negro man named GEORGE; aged about 55 years. He was bought about two years ago, at a Slave Sale of the Sumner Estate, in Bardonia. Said negro man is tall, straight, and tolerably good looking, and is supposed to be somewhere in either Nelson or Marion County. The above reward will be paid to any person who will lodge said negro in any jail where he can be gotten by the undersigned. F. WEDEKEMMER, Agent for March Preston Pope. June 9, 1852.

WHITE all wool Do Laine. Blue do do Orange do do Plain watered Silk Poplin. Figured a Changeable do. Just received by ABEL WIMSATT & Co.

## Clothing! Clothing!!

WE have on hand and will continue to keep, a large supply of Gentlemen's Ready made Clothing, such as VESTS, PANTS, COATS, &c. &c. which we will sell lower than they can be bought at any other town in the State. If you do not believe us, give us a call and try us.

## Also;

We would announce to the Ladies that we have a full supply of Fancy and Dry Good of every style and pattern, which we will sell low. All those who wish the full worth of their money would do well to call on us.

Remember the Store at CUNNINGHAM'S old stand, Main street, Springfield, Ky. We sell for cash, or Country Produce; such as the articles of trade usual to one country. Springfield, Ky., June 26m.

## PLANTER'S HOTEL.

THE undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he has taken the PLANTER'S HOTEL, situated on the south side of Main between Seventh and Eight streets, and has refurnished it throughout with entire new furniture, and is now prepared to accommodate those who may favor the house with patronage, in an comfortable a style as any other house in the city and on as reasonable terms. He has several large and comfortable rooms suitable for families.

L. P. CRENSHAW, PROPRIETOR.

N. B. The Bar is at all times supplied with the most choice selection of liquors, cigars, &c. Louisville Ky., May 15, 1852.

## RECEIVED THIS DAY—

OS. 1, 2 and 3, Mackerel; Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses and Cheese—by A. J. GREEN & CO.







## Select Poetry.

### MAY VERSES.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Do you hear the wild birds calling—  
Do you hear them, oh my heart?  
Do you see the blue air falling  
From their rushing wings apart?

With young masses they are flocking,  
For they hear the laughing breeze,  
With dewy fingers rocking  
There cradles in the trees!

Within nature's bosom hidden,  
Till the wintry storms were done,  
Little violets, white and golden,  
Now are leaning to the sun.

With its stars the box is flared,  
And the wind-flower, sweet to view,  
Hath uncovered its pale forehead  
To the kisses of the dew.

While thousand blossoms tender,  
As coquettishly as they,  
Are sunning their wilful spindles  
In the blue eyes of the May.

In the water gently dimpled—  
In the flower-cupped and—  
How beautifully exemplified  
Is the providence of God!

From the insect's little story  
To the farthest star above,  
All are waves of glory, glory,  
In the ocean of his love!

## Miscellaneous.

### The Right Spirit.

This is the title of a book recently published, which indicates the principles of action on which success in life must always depend. It shows what may be accomplished by perseverance—by resolving to go straight ahead without delay—in storms or in sunshine, and overcoming petty obstacles, to accomplish what is right, and desirable to be done. The hero of the tale, after leaving school, at the head of his class, is apprenticed to a printer, and the following extract from the concluding chapter, describes an interesting incident, and will give our readers a correct idea of the character of the work.

"It was the third year of my residence with Mr. Simpson, that he had engaged to do a large amount of work for a publishing house in the city. Sufficient time had been given to accomplish it without an extra effort. But one evening, towards the close of the job, the publisher suddenly appeared in the office. He and Mr. Simpson were alone together some time. When the office was closed for the evening, Mr. Simpson told us that the work must be finished in three days at the farthest, and that we must bestir ourselves early enough in the morning. It was my duty to open the office and prepare it for work.

"Tom," said Mr. Simpson, "I want you to get up and do Robert's work to-morrow morning. He looks pretty sick to-night, and must not come into the office till after breakfast." I had taken a severe cold.

The stranger saw and marked us both, and heard Mr. Simpson's direction. "Robert, do you lie abed in the morning, and Tom, by all means be up by four—here, take my alarm watch and hang it up by your bed-side. Be up, sir, in good season."

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, though in no willing tone.

When we went to bed a tremendous snow storm was beginning to rage and howl without. The cold was extreme, and the wind a furious north-easter. I soon forgot the storm and sank into a peaceful slumber, with the agreeable expectation of lying as long as I chose in the morning. In an incredibly short time—as it seemed, so profound were our slumbers—Tom and I were aroused by the alarm watch, one—two—three—four—Could it be morning?

"It's time to get up, Tom," said I, shaking him.

"Get up, then," he growled, roughly.

"But I'm sick, Tom! and you remember what Mr. Simpson said."

No, Tom was not to be roused. He was not going to get-up such a stormy morning, so early—not he! He was not going to do it for Mr. Simpson, nor for me, nor for any body else—not he! He was not going to get up, if he never did any more work!

How many are like Tom, when a demand is made upon them for a little extra effort! No! they are not going to work so, not they!

Now, it was evident somebody must get up; and it must be, certainly, one of us. I felt I had a right to sleep the night out this time—Besides, I found it might be hazardous to get up for I was in a profuse perspiration, and the storm was raging violently. But my own personal considerations led no more effect upon my bedfellow than his master's command.

"Well it must be done. Make up your mind to do it, and then do it courageously," thought I. Out of bed I jumped, dressed myself rapidly, without suffering myself to regard the snug, warm quarters I had left. In spite of headache, sore throat, and cough, I went bravely on. I plowed my way to the office through the drifting snow, built the fire, and got everything in readiness for the workmen, long before they began to appear. Then tying the lantern behind me, to see the way, I fought the snow till I chattered a respectable path from the house to the office.

Some one besides myself was up in the house. Several times he appeared at the window, looking, and watching my progress. While I was alone in the office, a heavy step sounded the stairs. Not I! He's not Tom's, nor Mr. Simpson's, nor Mr. Simpson's. Let the publisher himself enter! He's such a rascal and up and away about his business so early! I was amazed. Our office had done much work for him, and he had respected his great

"I thought you were the boy who was not to get up this morning, Robert? A stormy morning, this, and tough work you had of it," said he eyeing me keenly.

"My father always told me, sir, when we had any work to do, to go forward and do it, minding nothing about the weather, or anything else. Only a few drops at a time," I added to myself.

"Right! right!" exclaimed the publisher with great spirit. "You have a training, that is worth something—yes; worth more to begin life with than thousands of dollars. I see you can put your hand to the plow, and not look back. The great fault with young men now-a-days, is, they are afraid of work. They want to live easy, while the fact is, we cannot get anything worth having—reputation, property, or any good without working, and striving for it. I must keep my eye on you, young man."

Upon what apparently little incidents hang the well-being of men; I say apparently little, chance-like incidents, and yet they are a part of the great moral web into which our habits weave our destinies. They are themselves the result of long trains of influence, and the starting points of others. So that what many call a lucky hit, or an unlucky turn, is in fact the true result of what the past has worked out.

To some it might have seemed a lucky hit, that the publisher of —, and I, an obscure apprentice, should have happened to meet, just as we did, at half past four on a stormy winter's morning, in Mr. Simpson's printing office; because from that time he became my fast friend.

At twenty-one I was free, with a good trade thoroughly learned.

At twenty-two I was master of two hundred and ninety dollars.

At twenty-three, a profitable paper and printing establishment, in a large neighboring town, was for sale.

"How much money did you earn last year, Robert?" asked the publisher, who continued to meet me at this time.

"Two hundred and ninety dollars, sir, clear."

"Just what I expected, I have bought the — Journal office, and furniture, and am going to set you up in business. I see that you can take care of your own affairs, therefore I can safely trust you with mine. You are not afraid of difficulties."

No, it was not a lucky hit, or any hit at all, if by this is meant a chance event. This meeting was the natural consequence of the business day.

And now, when poor Charley Frazer, on beholding my comfortable home and pleasant hands the other day, called me a lucky dog, and one of fortune's favorites, I would say to all as I said to him, "Success in life—success in any department of life—can only come from, and is the legitimate result of a firm, unflinching resolution to work—to work honestly, and industriously, and these habits must be formed in childhood, or they will never be well formed. They must be wrought at home."

King's Evil, or Two in a Bed.

Good stories are now so scarce, none should be lost, and the following, told by Mr. J. H. McKicker, the Yankee commandant, is among the best we have heard:

At a small village, not a thousand miles off, a number of stages arrived, filled with passengers, who were obliged to stop at a small tavern, in which there was no great supply of beds. The landlord said that he should be obliged to put two or three gentlemen (who were by the way, nearly all strangers to one another) together, and requested they would "take partners."

Stage coaches are filled with all sorts of people, and a bed-fellow should be selected with care. Everybody seemed to hesitate. Mr. McKicker, who was one of the passengers, had made up his mind to snooze in his chair or have a bed to himself. He saw that his only chance to get a bed to himself was by his wits, and walking up to the register, he entered his name and remarked: "I am willing to sleep with any gentleman, but have the king's evil, and it is contagious."

"The king's evil!" said every one; and the landlord, looking thunderstruck, remarked, as he eyed Mac rather closely, "I'll see, sir, what I can do for you by yourself." In a short time, Mac was inducted in the landlord's bed, who slept on the floor to accommodate strangers. In the morning, while all were preparing for breakfast, a fellow-traveler accosted the commandant with, "Pray, sir, what is the nature of the complaint of which you spoke last night?"

"The nature?" drawled out Mac, a little nonplussed for an answer.

"Yes, sir; I never heard of such a disease before."

"Why," said Mac, brightening up, "I thought every one knew. It is a disease of long standing. Its first appearance in America was during the Revolutionary War, when it took off some of the best men our country contained. At the battle of New Orleans it amounted to an epidemic; and since the arrival of Kossuth in this country it has broken out afresh in many places."

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "I confess I have never heard much of it."

"Perhaps not," said Mac, for it generally goes by another name."

"And what may that be?"

"Republicanism," laughingly replied Mac, as he turned away to arrange his toilet for breakfast.

William IV., seemed in momentary dilemma one day when, at table with several officers, he ordered one of the waiters to "take away that machine there," pointing to an empty bottle. "Your Majesty," inquired a colonel of marines, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?" "Yes," replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "I mean to say it has done its duty, and is now ready to do its again."

## Single Blessedness.

It is so rare to find in this hen-pecked community of ours even an apology for the single state, that we append the following rare protest from a cotemporary, as a literary curiosity:

BACHELORS.—Bachelors are styled, by married men who have put their foot into it, as "but half a pair of shears," and many other cutting titles are given them; while on the other hand, they extol their own state, as one of such perfect bliss, that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good.

If they are so happy, why in time don't they enjoy their happiness, and hold their tongues about it? What do half of the men get married for? That they may have somebody to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts and trot the babies, that they may have somebody, as a married man once said to "pull off their boots when they are a little bawmy."—These fellows are always talking of the bachelors. Loneliness, indeed! Who is pelted to death by the ladies who have marriageable daughters; invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to "drop in when it is convenient?"—the bachelor, who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by all the girls who couldn't entrap him? The bachelor, who strews flowers on the married man's grave?—his widow?—not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again, she does. Who goes to bed early because time hangs heavy on his hands?—the married man. Who has wood to split, house hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and lazy servant girls to look after?—the married man. Who is taken up for beating his wife?—the married man. Who has other people's debts to pay?—the married man. Who gets divorced?—the married man. Finally, who has got the Scriptures on his side?—the bachelor St. Paul knew what he was talking about when he said—"He that marries does well, but he that does not marry does better."

A True Story.

A lady from the "far, far west," with her husband, awaked on the night of their arrival in the city of Penn., by an alarm of fire, and the yell of several companies of firemen, as they dashed along the streets.

"Husband! husband!" she cried, shaking her woe-stricken face into consciousness. "Only hear the Injuns! why, this beats all the scalp dances I ever heard!"

"Nonsense, growled the gentleman composing himself to sleep—"There are no Indians in Philadelphia."

"No Indians, indeed!" she replied, "as if I did not know a war whoop when I heard one!"

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, they were saluted with the inquiry of:

"Did you hear the engines last night?—what a noise they made!"

Turning to her husband with an air of triumph she exclaimed—

"There, I told you they were Injuns!"

What a happy world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say, with Shakespeare's shepherd: Sir, I am a laborer; I earn that I get; that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good—content with my farm.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE LEBANON POST

Enough has been said and wrote upon the innumerable advantages arising out of having a newspaper in a County; I will not, therefore, enlarge upon this point. Feeling convinced that the people of Marion wish an establishment of the kind in their county, I have consented, after many solicitations, to make a trial; let us see what will be the result. I had partially made my arrangements to move upon the Ohio river, but if the people of Marion will show, by subscribing liberally for the "POST," that they want a paper, we will succumb to their wishes, and settle amongst them.

THE POST, will be strictly NEUTRAL in Politics and Religion, in all things else perfectly INDEPENDENT; expressing freely the views of the Editor and his Correspondents, on the passing events of the day, local matters, &c. I am decidedly in favor of Railroad communication in Kentucky, being firmly convinced that in that way alone, can our beloved State keep up with the advancement of the age and her older Sister-States. I am particularly in favor of a communication of this kind across the State, and thus giving us a direct intercourse with the great southern mart; being convinced that such an intercourse would redound to the benefit of all classes, and that the proposed route through Marion County is the best location in the State, and believe firmly that it can and will be run. We will advocate, conditionally, to the best of our ability, this truly beneficial enterprise and solicit the pens of others.

THE POST, will be dedicated to News, Agriculture, Tales, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c. &c. Nothing shall appear in its columns of a hurtful or denigrating tendency to the mind; in a word, it shall be a FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE POST, will be issued weekly, on every Wednesday, on an imperial sheet at \$2 per year in advance, \$2 50 if paid in six months, or \$3 if the payment is delayed until the end of the year. Wishing to commence on the last of April or the first of May, I would be gratified to receive, if my prospectuses, crowded with names before that time.

W. W. JACK.

Editor and Proprietor,

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5. For Board in the College during the vacation, per week, 2.00

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For further particulars apply, by letter, to the President.

N. B. The Collegiate exercises were resumed on the 2d of September.

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The Westminster Review (Liberal), and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

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